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BRADLEY, HIS BOOK

Volume One

MAY, MDCCCXC VI

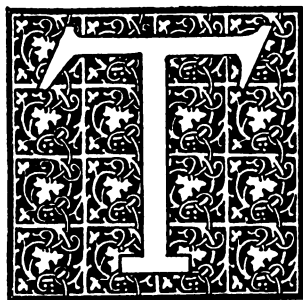
Number One

NIXON WATERMAN, • THE GARDEN OF GENIUS

I knew a dingy attic where
A poor, wan child in sorrow lay.
Hid in a narrow window, there,
A rosebush struggled toward the day;
And tears, like dew, at night and morn,
Sank down to warm the root entombed,
And from that prisoned plant was born
The sweetest rose that ever bloomed.
O garden of the soul! I knew—
Ah me! I knew a little "den"
Where hungry, high-born Genius grew
The children of her brush and pen:
Amid the gloom there burned a gleam,
And patient hand was taught to draw,
And patient soul was taught to dream
The fairest lines I ever saw.
The fortune-favored fields may bring,
To those who toil, their meed of grain;
But Genius still her wealth will fling
Amid the thorny wastes of pain.
The rose that blossomed through the tears,
And that high Soul of Art, these two,
Have brought to me, through all the years,
The dearest hope I ever knew.

BOOKS • Books are the voices of the dumb, the tongues of brush and pen; the ever-living kernels from the passing husks of men.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS • AT THE OPERA AND A VETERAN • THE SAME BEING TWO SKETCHES



HE voice of the great prima donna had almost reached the scale which led to that triumphant note everybody had come to hear. Even the musicians in the orchestra looked up at her askance with something of wonder and much of awe, as at an acrobat who might fall at any moment from his trapeze. And the ladies in the boxes ceased talking and waited with graceful patience until it was done and over with, when they

might begin again where they had left off.

A shabbily dressed young music teacher with her hands clasped in her lap, and in the silence of perfect rapture, hung over the rail of the highest balcony and drank in the music that seemed meant for her alone and to lift her whole soul and body with it as it rose.

Down below her a broker leaned back heavily in his cushioned chair and stared blankly at the stage. He had a crisis before him on the morrow, and a crisis which meant ruin or a greater fortune.

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and he was guessing for the thousandth time with weary reiteration whether he would buy or sell.

The prima donna was still singing when the door of one of the boxes opened and the husband who had gone peaceably off to his club two hours before stood in the entrance and nodded with a scowl to the man who hung over his wife's chair. She had her eyes fixed on the stage, but she felt the man at her side draw back, and she felt, if she could not see, the look on her husband's face. He would say nothing, now; there would be no scene at that place. She knew that, and her fan continued to move just as steadily, and so it would have to move until they were in the brougham together on their way to the place of which they spoke, when they gave directions to the coachman, as home.

And on the lower floor a young man peered above the heads of the motionless music lovers and ran his eyes eagerly over the great house from tier to tier and from box to box. His face was a very anxious one and he bit nervously at the brim of the hat in his hand until the hundreds of faces melted away, and one stood out clear and pure, and lovelier than anything else in the world. And just as the great prima donna, who made in a single night as much as half his income, touched the high note which everybody had come to hear, he slipped into the box where a foolish little hand reached out to meet his, and he sank breathless and happy into the chair towards which it drew him. The air was jarred and shaking with bravos and applause at the very moment, but for those two foolish little people back in the corner of the box there, the house was as silent as a church and they were quite alone.



THE VETERAN

The old hose cart stood outside the wheelwright's open door, with its shafts in the gutter and its wheels sunk in the mud. It had stood there so long that the sun had cracked all the paint on its spokes and on the big tin shields at the sides, and the rain had washed the cracked pieces away.

It was a very disreputable, shabby looking old hose cart, and only fit for kindling wood, so the wheelwright said. One day a hansom cab limped up beside it and the wheelwright took its broken wheel into his shop to mend and paint and varnish.

"Don't crowd so close, you muddy old wagon," said the hansom cab to the hose cart. "Of what possible use are you, any way, may I ask?"

"I am a hose cart," said the veteran, "and I can remember the days when I was rubbed and oiled and varnished every evening, and when strong men seized my spokes with their naked hands and dragged me out of ruts and up hills with cheers and shouts.

"Old Liberty" they called me then, and my boys used to do many acts of good and daring. I was their standard. I carried the long leather hose that helped save money and life sometimes, and I was the center they gathered around when the fighting began. Of what use was I, indeed."

"I am from England," said the hansom cab coldly, "and I have nothing to do with fights and such low business. I carry pretty ladies and children and such swells in such glorious clothes that people turn to look at me when I pass, and admire my striped wheels and beautiful lamps. I am going back to the broad avenue to-day and to the Park. I am an ornament; society cannot get along without me."

The hose cart said nothing to this, but it felt neglected and unappreciated and it hated that smart, swagger English swell when he galloped off the next day rejoicing.

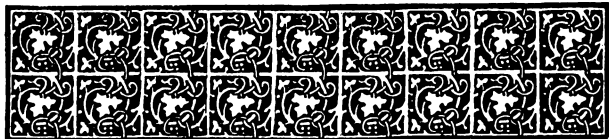
But one day two old men with white hair passed that way, and stopped in front of the hose cart, and looked at it curiously, and then one of them cried: "Joe, I'm eternally punished but if it ain't Old Liberty! I'd know it among a thousand,—bless its old shaft and reel! An' to think of our finding it just in time for the parade! Well, the boys will be pleased now, won't they?"

And they took the old hose cart and painted it a beautiful white and red with gold stripes, and touched up the extremely décolleté Goddess of Liberty on its tin sides, and hung a big shining brass bell over it, and wound its reel round with long strings of flowers. And on the day of the great volunteer fireman's parade the boys in red shirts, with gray hair now under their helmets, and not as strong as they were, pulled it behind them between long lines of people who cheered and cried, "Hurrah for Old Liberty!"

And at a street corner the haughty English hansom came round on a rush with two tipsy men lolling inside and a drunken driver on top, and the big policeman and the fireman caught at the horse's head and shoved the cab back and cried: "Get back out of that; how dare yer? Make way for Old Liberty."

And the hose cart tossed its head so that its bell rang in triumph, and passed on proudly in the wake of the brass band.

LABOR • Toil holds all genius as its own, for in it's grasp a force is hid to make of polished words or stone a poem or a pyramid.



BRADLEY, HIS BOOK

Volume One

APRIL, MDCCCXCVI

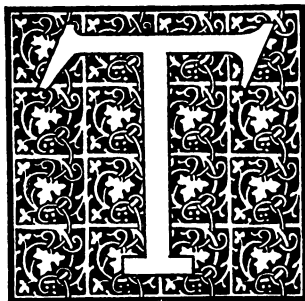
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